

ANACONDA, MONTANA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1893.

State of Montana.

HIS HEART BROKEN

Colonel Sanders Driven to Despair by the Chicago Platform.

HE HAS RUSHED INTO PRINT

"The Democratic Party Has Become the Magnet Which Draws to Itself Every Victim of Discontent"—Livingston News.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

Livingston, July 13.—Colonel W. F. Sanders has been heard from in regard to his estimate of the Chicago platform. From the tenor of the gentleman's remarks it is apparent that the democratic party, through inadvertence, carelessness, or some other cause, failed to consult the colonel when they drafted their platform, and in order to atone for this oversight and appease Colonel Sanders' wrath, it looks as though it would be necessary for the convention to meet again and revise its platform to meet the views of the Montana censor. Colonel Sanders was up at Mammoth Hot Springs when he first saw the platform. He at a glance realized that it would never pass muster and in a letter to the editor of the Livingston Post he set forth his objections in characteristic language. The letter, which will be published in the Post next Wednesday, is as follows:

"The democratic party has become the magnet which draws to itself every victim of discontent and every disciple of disorder. No longer the creation of Thomas Jefferson, it has become a veritable cave of Adullam, whence flock those who hate the order of Nature or rebel against Fate. Alas! bestrides it like another veritable Colossus of Rhodes. It recalls with painful solicitude the gressome prophecy of Lord Macaulay in his letter to Mr. Randall. It is in favor of the Debs rebellion, opposed to the courts, resents the methods by which the credit of the country alone can be maintained, treats the supreme court with scant courtesy, is dissatisfied with the constitution of the country, repudiates its own administration of the laws and every other administration of them, promises Utopia that it may again cheat our countrymen, assumes to cheat the impossible, breeds discontent, divides our citizens into classes, fans the animosities of each class, panders to ignorance, encourages rebellion, promises rash experiences, flaunts the teachings of experience and the dictates of statesmanship, and is a faithful ally to the voracity of the organized appetite. So in this clear sky and this enchanting daylight do its yesterday's proceedings seem to write its history to me."

Manager Lee has been seeking to open negotiations for a series of baseball games between the Livingston team and the nines in Butte, Anaconda, Helena, Missoula and Great Falls. He has not yet, however, been able to secure dates at any of those places. The Livingston boys made a better record in the game they played with Tacoma than did any other nine in the state, and by virtue thereof they claim the championship. They hold themselves in readiness to defend this title upon any diamond in Montana. Their desire now is to arrange for a two weeks' tour, making in the above mentioned, playing either Butte or Anaconda first.

A meeting will be held at the court house on Friday evening, July 17, to organize a local bimetallic union, auxiliary to the national union. The object of the union, as is probably well known, is to take such steps as will bring all friends of bimetallicism together, to the end that in union of action an effective campaign shall be the result. Those who join the union are required to subscribe to the pledge that they will put bimetallicism before party and support no candidate for president or congress who is not pledged to the cause. In order to secure a nucleus for the local union, Judge J. A. Savage circulated a membership list around town to-day and obtained many prominent names from the ranks of all parties.

O. E. Peppard of Missoula is in town to make a bid for repair of the Springdale bridge. County Commissioner Roth and Mr. Peppard drove out to Springdale yesterday to inspect the damaged bridge. They found that where the river had cut through the approach the stream had widened and deepened so at his point that it would be necessary to put in an additional span in place of the old approach. The county will act as soon as possible in repairing the structure.

The trial of Tom Craig last week for contempt of court resulted in his conviction. He was fined \$25 and costs. His offense lay in disregarding an order of the court concerning the appropriation of water. This was the second time he was up for contempt in this same matter; he was acquitted the first time.

The June term of district court finished up business last Saturday and adjourned. Next Monday court will convene at Red Lodge.

Two bids have been received by the county commissioners for building the Horr-Aldridge road. H. B. Hoppe agrees to do the work for the sum of \$1,400; J. J. Donnelly for \$1,700. The contract will be awarded July 25.

E. C. Evans has been appointed janitor for the new court house, at a salary of \$50 per month. He will assume the position upon the completion of the building, which will be about the 1st of August.

HE SAVED THE HORSE THIEF.

A Tenderfoot's Experience in a Breezy

TALK.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

I rode into Red Bluff, a cowboy's town in Southwest Texas, one summer morning, intending to buy sheep and cattle, and found that a crowd of lynchers had caught a horse thief and were about to rope him up to a tree on the fair grounds, whither all the grown

men and boys of Red Bluff had gathered to sanction the proceedings by their presence.

Now, I was still enough of a tenderfoot to turn sick at the sight of a lynching bee, even though I knew the prisoner was guilty, as in this case they all assured me he was. But I like to have the law take its course, and deprecated the illegality of a private hanging at the hands of Judge Lynch and his court.

So I made up my mind in an instant to make a plea for fair play. The prisoner was a mere youth, without any of the earmarks of his profession of crime, and I pictured his mother perhaps at that moment looking for tidings of her boy. However, I kept those semi-sentimental thoughts to myself, while I saluted the rough leader of the lynching gang and asked carelessly if I might witness the proceedings.

"You might, stranger, if you keep a mighty still tongue in your head," was the curt reply.

I dismounted from my horse, a fine animal which I had bought at El Paso, and I noted the admiring glances that were cast upon him by the cowboys, who adore a good horse.

The proceedings had been stayed for a moment by my coming, and I saw an imploring look thrown at me by the prisoner.

"If you've got ennything ter say, out with it!" yelled the leader.

"I never stole no hosses in my life!"

A groan of derision saluted him.

"Pull him up, boys!" rang out the command.

"Stay!" I cried. "Give me a word with this man. Let me look at his boots!"

I approached him and asked him to show me the soles of his boots?

"Did he wear these when apprehended?"

"Yes."

"Look at them, gentlemen! This man is a tenderfoot. I doubt if he can ride a horse. He has worn neither stirrup nor spur!"

They gathered around him, and I showed them the surface of the soles without corrugation or wear.

"That don't count," growled the leader.

"Let me see your hand."

He held out a sturdy young paw that looked as honest as gold.

I examined it and started violently.

"Gentlemen, this will never do. This hand tells the story of the boy's life. The palm here is hardened with toil. And look at this lifeline. It ends in water. Gentlemen, you dare not hang a man who is born to be drowned!"

There was a confused murmur, but the leader still held the rope.

"Suppose we make a test," I suggested.

"Let us see if he can mount a horse. Try him on mine and I'll guarantee he cannot mount if he is the land lubber I take him to be."

"Keep hold of the rope, Possum!" yelled a dozen voices.

"You bet I will," came the response.

I was taking my life in my hands, but I was determined to save the poor fellow if I could. As he mounted—which he did awkwardly enough—I whispered under pretense of tightening the saddle girth:

"Ride for your life to the Pan Hand depot and leave your horse there!"

My next move was to dig a steel pit, hidden in my hand, into my poor horse. Would the rope unseat the rider and my little game appear? It had just the contrary effect. It jerked Possum, as they called the leader, from his feet and as he fell, flew from his hand, and then, like an arrow from the bow, the prisoner was off.

"Stop him! Stop him!" I yelled, and to aid in the confusion, I drew my revolver and fired wildly after him.

Every man there followed by example and there was perfect fusillade of arms, but all missed. Then one and another sprang to horse, and rode like mad after the runaway.

"They'll have fleet steeds that follow," I quoted to myself, while I loudly bewailed the loss of my good horse, and the treachery of the thief.

"That's what you git for mindin' yer own business," said the leader with a bitter scowl.

"Perhaps you would like to hang me in his place?" I suggested.

Was I suspected? I cannot tell, but the cowboy is not vindictive and as I seemed to share in the general loss, I was allowed to go unmolested. But I think my little ruse of palm reading had its effect, too. There is always a leaven of superstition in those rough characters.

I recovered my horse but never heard of the rider who so cleverly aided my plan in his behalf. I dare say he was all they represented by the way he rode out of the difficulty, but it was a race for life, and I am glad he won.

Originality.

From Lippincott's.

Original plots are rarer birds than you

perhaps think. If you made the hero

boil and eat his grandmother, that would

seem to be an original situation, yet it

might prove to have been conceived and

delimited in all its awful details long

ago. The novelists of all civilized lands

have been racking their brains for three

generations now, and their name is legion.

You never can tell, unless you have

read all their books, what the French

and Russians and Italians may have

been up to, not to speak of romances

nearer home. Besides, a plot may be

original, and yet too gressome, painful, or

horrible; it may also (and easily) be

too improbable. Originality is not the

only requisite of a good story, long or

short.

Capacity of St. Peter's.

From the Century.

It needs 50,000 persons to make a crowd

in St. Peter's. It is believed that at least

that number have been present in the

church several times within modern

memory, but is thought that the build-

ing would hold 80,000—as many as could

be seated on the tiers in the Colosseum.

Such a concourse was there at the opening

of the Oecumenical council in Decem-

ber, 1829, and at the two jubilee

celebrated by Leo XIII., and on all three

occasions there was plenty of room in the

aisles, besides the broad spaces which

were required for the functions them-

selves.

RAID ON THE HOBOES

A Gang of Uncertainties Herded Into the Iron Coop.

THE SENTENCES ARE SEVERE

A. O. Campbell of the Mineral Land Commission Is a Son of the Ohio Ex-Governor—Bozeman Happenings.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

Bozeman, July 12.—There has been a very general raid upon hoboism here the past few days, a gang of six tramps being lodged in jail by the officers Saturday evening, another this morning and this is going to be kept up until there are less hoboies striking the citizens of Bozeman for a meal as is now only too common. Someone is complaining every day of being accosted by toughs who ask for 15 cents or 25 cents to get "something to eat with" and this is going to be stopped. As a starter the 6 toughs arrested Saturday evening were given from 10 to 30 days each on bread and water and this will at least send them out of town singly when released, as Judge Stevenson considers this an improvement on letting them out in gangs. Judge Stevenson has had a good many such cases the past few months and he is making the sentence for vagrancy so severe that it will be a pleasure for some of these hoboies to earn their living when they again reach their liberty.

The Gallatin valley has been suffering for moisture the past two weeks and a heavy fall of rain which refreshed the burning crops of this entire section on Sunday was more than welcome. The ground was thoroughly soaked and this will aid in saving the grain in much of the valley until it can be irrigated.

The Minneapolis Journal of July 9 has the following dispatch from Cedar Rapids, Ia.:

"The Second Presbyterian church of this city, one of the strongest congregations in this state, has unanimously extended a call to Dr. D. S. McCaslin of Bozeman, Mont., formerly of Minneapolis."

Dr. McCaslin has been acting as supply for the Presbyterian church of this place since November, 1892, but will probably accept this call to Cedar Rapids and sever his connections with this church on Sept. 1. This change he makes principally on account of the poor health of his wife since his coming to Bozeman. Dr. McCaslin has done splendid work since taking charge of this congregation, 49 new members having joined the church since he came here. The church at Cedar Rapids, of which he is to become pastor, has a membership of nearly 500 and the scholars in its Sunday school numbers 360.

Andrew O. Campbell, chairman of the board of mineral land commissioners for this district, left here for Livingston a few days ago and it now transpires that he forgot to stop off there. He went straight through to Chicago and has been taking in the great convention at that place. Mr. Campbell is a son of ex-Governor Campbell of Ohio.

President Reid of the Agricultural college here stopped off at Chicago one day on his way East and looked in on the democratic convention.

Attorney E. C. Day of Livingston came over to Bozeman Sunday for a taste of metropolitan life, remaining here for a few days.

J. F. Ogilvie of Manhattan, postmaster and a lumber merchant of that place, was in Bozeman the first of the week.

C. C. Wylie of Helena visited Bozeman last week and left here Monday for a trip through the park. Mrs. Wylie, who was here for some days, returning to Helena.

W. T. Shaw returned Saturday evening from an extended bicycle tour in Madison county.

Miss Ida Sutton of Neilhart and Miss Dean Francisco of Baker are among the late arrivals, coming here to attend the teachers' normal now in session here.

Miss Alice Langhorn of Helena came over last of the week, and is the guest of Miss Alice Gage of this place.

Miss Agnes Smith, formerly of Bozeman, but now residing at Harrison, Mont., is visiting friends in this city this week.

T. W. Howard of McLeod stopped off for a day in Bozeman Monday, being on his way to Helena, where he will remain for a time.

Dave Martin has returned to Bozeman after a year in Southern Idaho and Washington.

James Abbott and family, after a two years' sojourn in the East, in the state of Delaware, has returned to Bozeman and will remain here, his wife having suffered poor health ever since leaving the West.

A Wise Conclusion.

From the Detroit Free Press.

It was evident that they had been on

a shopping tour and the expression on

their faces as well as the gibbous of

their tongues made it certain that

they had made some "genuine bar-

gains."

One of them weighed about 30 pounds

more than she would have been willing

to carry a slight little creature that she

would have been in danger of being

lost to her friends had she ventured

out in a high wind.

They sat down in front of the writer

on a suburban train and the giantess

said:

"Well, I've got just 18 cents left out

of a \$10-bill, and I didn't git half I

wanted to either."

"I've only got 9 cents out of \$12,"

replied the little woman.

"I know what Sam'll say, but I don't

care a rap."

"I'm so used to what Jim says that it

doesn't bother me any. Men are awful

unreasonable about money, ain't they?"

"I know Jim is."

"So's Sam. It's his techy point. It's

like drawin' teeth to git a \$10-bill out

o' his pocketbook."

"So it is with Jim, but I git it all the

same. He jaws an' says all wimmen

think of is spending money, an' I don't

dispute 'im. It's no use to argue with

one's husband, is it?"

"Not a bit of it. They think they

know it all, and they'd think so if you

argued with 'em 15 hours at a

stretch."

"That's a fact. I never fool away any

time spattin' with my husband. Men

are men, anyhow, and they can't help

bein' the cranks most of 'em are."

"Of course they can't. They was born

so. Does your husband fuss about his

meals?"

"Well, I guess! Just let a meal be a

little late and you'd think heaven and

earth had bumped together right over

our roof. Is your husband fussy about

his socks and shirt?"

"O heavens! don't mention it. When

he finds a button of a clean shirt you'd

think I'd broken all the Ten Command-

ments. I guess all men are just so.

But if you want to see a cyclone at

our house, just let that man try to get

into a shirt that I've put away with

the bosom and the back tucked to-

gether! The last time that happened

at our house Sam tore the shirt all

to pieces and ripped around like a

hyena."

"I've had Jim act just so. It runs in

men, specially after they're married.

I've believed in what the preachers

call 'a personal devil' ever since I was

married."

"So have I, and yet, after all, every-

thing considered, I've got just about

as good a husband as the next one. I

don't know anyone I'd trade with."

"No, not I. I've got a first-rate hus-

band—as men run."

"Yes, so've I—as men run."

LAST OF THE PRIVATES.

And His Trouble Was That People Would

Have It That He Was a Major.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

Among the countless number of men who have served in the civil war and now revel in military titles of all descriptions it is refreshing to meet with a man who will plainly tell you that his name is "Mr." and that he served from beginning to end of the bloody campaign as a full-blown private. Of that description is John J. Schriver, the San Francisco attorney.

When the war broke out Mr. Schriver enlisted in the confederate service, and went through the entire war, laying down his arms at the close with the humble rank of private that was assigned to him on enlisting. He now enjoys the reputation among his fellows of being the only man that has yet been discovered in the state of California who served throughout the war and yet possesses no gorgeous appendage to his name. It used to be customary in the South when veteran met veteran for some title to pass between the two.

Well, Schriver was opposed to this principle and fortunate enough to escape involuntary dignity until one memorable occasion not long ago, when he was conducting a case up in Butte county. The legal luminaries of the district showed him some hospitality, "and," as he afterwards expressed it in relating the circumstance to Judge Hunt, "one day I was introduced to a southerner by an idiot who said, 'Mr. So and So, this is Major Schriver.'"

"I felt mad, but I had no time to reprimand my introducer, nor to explain matters. In an instant I found myself shaking hands with the southerner, who eyed me narrowly."

"You served in the confederate army, Major?" he asked.

"I did," I replied.

"I was in the confederate army myself, sir," returned the southerner, "and I'm pretty well up in the army list. What branch of the service were you attached to?"

"The artillery," I replied, longing that he would give me a chance to explain. But he kept right on.

"Under General Gordon, by this time I was feeling mighty uncomfortable as my southern friend was bent on drawing me out."

"Major," he said, "I'm pretty familiar with the names of all the leading artillery officers in the confederate service during the war. May I ask you, sir, how many guns were under your command?"

"I assure you, Judge, I never felt so mad in my life. Here was I, a man who always avoided notoriety, who served his time in the war and did his duty without ostentation, who never sought military titles, but always feared off my friends from addressing me by one; and yet, owing to my bungling, d-d good-natured friend, being catechised by an entire stranger upon a title I never assumed! However, I was bridle up, and looking my catechiser full in the eye, said:

"Give me d-d. I never served through the entire war, sir, in command of one gun, and that I carried over my shoulder!"

Why He Took It.

From the New York World.

He went up town to call on his friend, the artist, in his studio. After a while the artist said:

"Won't you try a bottle of beer?"

"No, thanks; I'm not drinking beer just now."

"Haven't become a temperance man?" said the artist.

"No. I'm putting on too much flesh, and I believe beer would make a greyhound so fat that he wouldn't be able to run fast enough to tire himself out."

"But this is great beer," continued the artist, "and there is one thing about it that I like very much."

"What is that?" asked the artist's